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Opening extract from

# Witch Switch

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DESPERATE DOLLS

THE DOCKS

DRIPTOWN

THE LAKES

SILVER CITY

LINDEN HOUSE

RITZY CITY

CAKES, PIES & THAT'S ABOUT IT REALLY

Clutterbucks

GULL & CHIP TAVERN

RITZY CITY

JAM & CATS

CATS

JAM

BREW'S

# SINKVILLE

THE COVES

WAVERLY WAY

THE SUNKEN SHIP ROAD SPA

PEARL PEAK

PEARL PEAK ACADEMY

FOREST

LITTLE LEAF RESTAURANT

WHERE THE FIRST WITCH LANDED IN SINKVILLE

FAIRY CARAVAN PARK

BROLLYWOOD

THE CAULDRON ISLANDS

BUBBLE BEACH

THE OLD CAULDRON FACTORY

THE TOWERS

# The Story So Far

Last time in Ritzy City:

So you probably remember Fran the fairy zoomed up the sink pipes, told Tiga she was a witch and then whisked her back down to the capital of Sinkville, Ritzy City, to compete in Witch Wars.

Tiga was delighted to be away from her evil guardian Miss Heks, who is all kinds of terrible.

Before Witch Wars began, Tiga met Peggy, who promised to teach her some spells, and then they met Fluffanora, who at first seemed like she might be horrible but was in fact lovely.

Felicity Bat and Aggie Hoof, two complete witchy pains, were also competing and they

tried to knock Tiga out of the competition, and Peggy too, who they called Piggy, which is just rude.

Fluffanora, along with fellow competitors Lizzie Beast, Patty Pigeon and twins Milly and Molly were all knocked out, which meant racing to the finish were Felicity Bat, Peggy and Tiga. Luckily, Peggy knocked Felicity Bat out of the competition! Much to everyone's surprise.

Tiga and Peggy then had to decide who was going to win, because there can only be one ruling witch – they each wanted the other to win, but Tiga knew Peggy had to win, it was her dream, and she had lots of great ideas to make Sinkville better.

So Peggy became Top Witch and back up the pipes Tiga went, to confront the evil Miss Heks, who, she had found out, HAD BEEN THE ONE TO PUT TIGA FORWARD FOR WITCH WARS!

Miss Heks had been one of the witches who left Sinkville during the Big Exit, when a bunch

of evil witches left for a life above the pipes and took their houses and shops and all the colour in Sinkville with them. Greedy.

Tiga was pretty sure she'd be stuck with horrible Miss Heks for ever, but then Peggy, Fluffanora and Mrs Brew came up the sink pipes and Mrs Brew said she would adopt Tiga and take her back down to Ritzy City where she belonged!

Miss Heks was like, 'SURE! Take her!' or something like that. She probably said it in a much more evil way.

Tiga put her pet slug in her pocket and back down they went to Ritzy City!

When they arrived, everyone was talking about how the witch with the cart of *disgusting* hats had been very wrong. When predicting the winner of Witch Wars, she had said, 'An elegant witch will rule this land, and that bossy one will lend a hand. Witch sisters, maybe, but not the same. One is dear, the other? A PAIN. And much

like the tales of times gone by, they will find a sweet apple and my oh my is that the time I'd better go.'

Everyone thought, because Peggy wasn't really *elegant* as such, that the witch had got it wrong – *and* there was no bossy witch helping Peggy, and the apple bit made no sense. But when we left them, the witch with the disgusting hats was smiling. Why? Well, because she knew everything, and she knew exactly what was going to happen next.

And what she knew was going to happen, happens to be happening RIGHT NOW.





# The Cauldron Islands

'I HATE it here!' Fluffanora roared, kicking her foot and sending an extremely sparkly shoe sailing across the room.

'Frogs,' Tiga groaned, as it hit her square in the face.

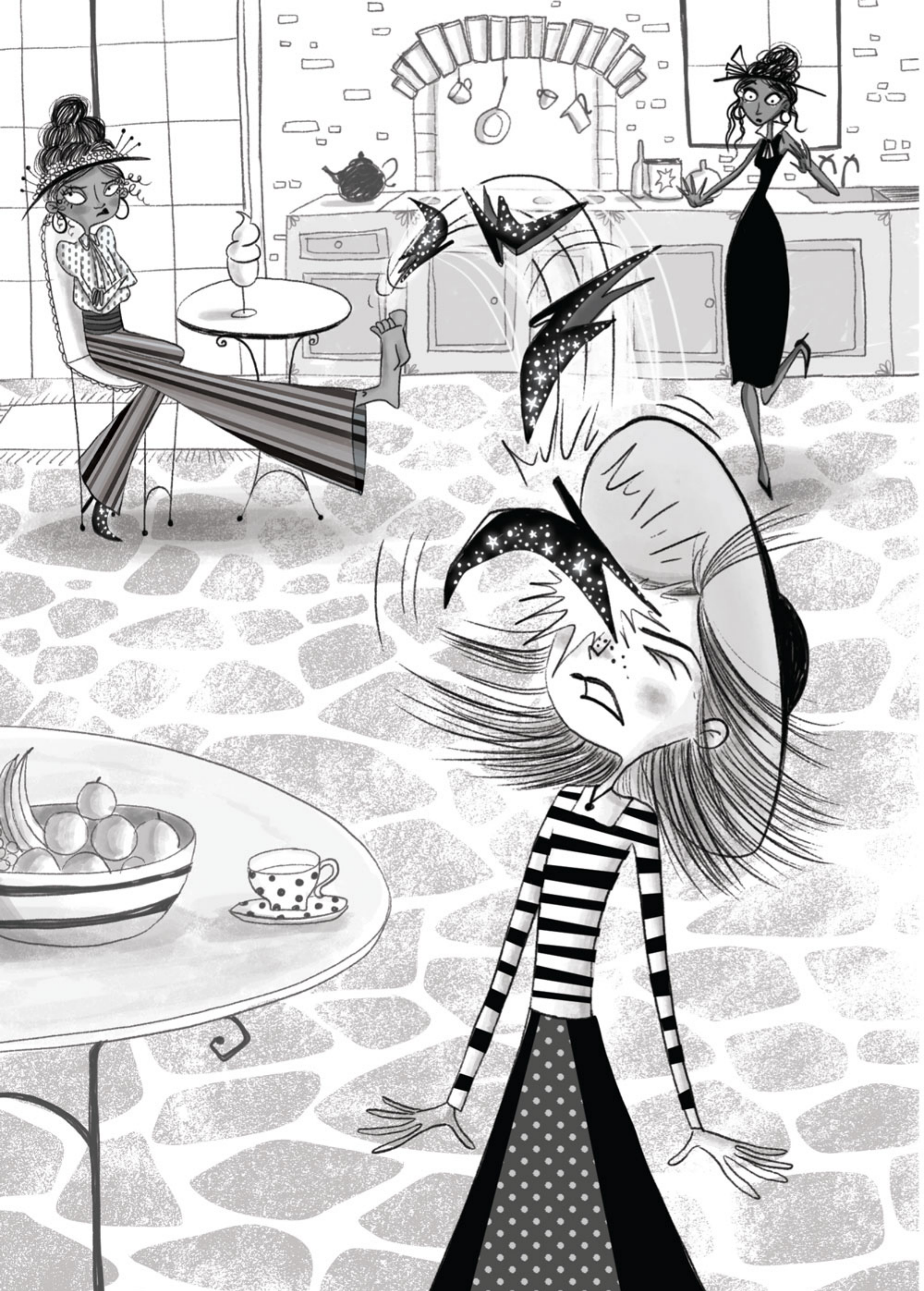
They had been on the Cauldron Islands for two whole weeks and Fluffanora had been flinging shoes since they arrived.

The Cauldron Islands were where the Brews spent their summers. It had once been home to all the cauldron factories, but since witches had stopped using cauldrons, except perhaps for storing shoes or hitting burglars with, the factories had closed down. Mrs Brew had bought the largest cauldron factory, Crinkle Cauldrons – they were the best cauldrons and you could









tell them apart from other cauldrons because they had crinkly looking handles. A lot of witches had complained that the crinkle in the cauldron made it impossible to hold and so many spilled their potions and burnt their feet, but Tina Gloop, the owner of Crinkle Cauldrons, said they obviously just had wonky hands.

When Crinkle Cauldrons had closed down, Mrs Brew had converted the factory into a huge summerhouse. A bunch of other Ritzy City witches read about it in *Toad* magazine and copied her, and the neighbouring islands were also revamped. The murky waters were cleaned up and Bubble Beach, owned by Berta Bubble, was soon peppered with holiday houses and fun little clubs, including the two most popular ones, the Hubble Hut, popular with the Brews and other witches from Ritzy City, and the Toil & Trouble Tavern, which was frequented by evil witches and the Pearl Peak families.

Tiga and Fluffanora had peeked into the Toil & Trouble Tavern on the first day they arrived and spotted a bunch of witches twirling around in the middle of the room to a really evil song called 'I Want To Curse Your

Loved Ones' by the Silver Rats, a weird band Fluffanora described as 'complete slime'. Apparently they were Aggie Hoof's absolute favourite band. Fluffanora had shown Tiga a picture – there were three of them, all dressed in tutus with chunky black boots, and they had little rat ears poking out of the tops of their hats and their faces were painted silver.

The Hubble Hut was much better, and it served Clutterbucks drinks.

'Tiga, is your head all right?' Mrs Brew cried as she raced over to her.

'I've accidentally hit her with seven shoes in the last two days,' Fluffanora began.

'*Nine*,' Tiga said through gritted teeth.

Fluffanora shrugged. 'She's *fine*. She has a strong head.'

'Fluffanora,' Mrs Brew snapped, 'you have been behaving terribly.'

'Well then, let me go back to Ritzy!' Fluffanora shouted back.

It was well known throughout Sinkville that Fluffanora was not a fan of the Cauldron Islands. Everyone

knew this because *Toad* magazine had once featured an article called 'Fluffanora Is Not a Fan of the Cauldron Islands'. It had described Fluffanora's various attempts over the years to escape holidays there. There was the time she had 10,000 cats delivered to Bubble Beach and ran around screaming, 'Oh no, the PLAGUE OF CATS! RUN, SAVE YOURSELVES!' Or the time she paid the old witch with the cart of disgusting hats to walk up and down the beach shouting, 'GENUINE HATS WHAT GOT STUCK IN THE PIPES! GENUINE HATS WOTS GOT STUCK IN THE PIPES!' to annoy everyone. Fluffanora had even attempted to make cauldrons cool again, hoping that if cauldrons were in demand, they would need the Cauldron Islands' factories back.

None of her attempts worked. Especially not that cat one. Most witches would welcome a plague of cats. They can't get enough of them.

Unlike Fluffanora, Tiga *loved* the Cauldron Islands. There was so much fun stuff to do – like wartling (almost the same as snorkelling, only instead of a

snorkel and mask you magic giant warts to cover your whole face, so you can breath under water). Tiga spent hours exploring the cool caves and underwater walkways below Bubble Beach. The weird thing was, there wasn't a single fish, just lots of frogs dressed in different outfits – there was one in a stripy dress, and one wearing a small box hat. She did spot one frog *dressed* as a fish, sitting on a rock, sipping out of a shell cup next to a frog dressed as a mermaid.

Mrs Brew had explained to Tiga that you would never find a fish near the Cauldron Islands. They had decided to swim away to the north of Sinkville, around the cove area, because they found the frogs insufferable.

'*PLEASE*, can we go home? I want to go to Clutterbucks,' Fluffanora begged.

Mrs Brew shook her head. 'You can drink Clutterbucks at the Hubble Hut. You need a better reason than that to go back.'

Little did the three of them know, sitting in the cauldron-shaped post box outside was a letter containing a very, *very* good reason to go back …